After moving to a village in the country, she thought she could become *the cool kid*. After all, she had lived in the capital and her mother was an architect! Of course those rural kids would get impressed. And it was working! She could see the looks of admiration from the rest of her class as she told them a bunch of half-truths.

Of course that high feeling got to her head, which led her to disobey her parents more and more and then finally, to her sassing her already annoyed father before two of her new friends:

“Yeah, old man. Whatcha gonna do?”

He did demonstrate what he would do, right there.

Pursing her mouth tightly to avoid giving out a single yelp she endured the humiliating punishment that she *thought* she was too old to get. She couldn't see her new friends, but she knew they were watching. How couldn't they? The world went blurry as her eyes got wet.

Finally, her father stood her up, issued a dire warning to “improve this behavior of yours **or else**!”, and stomped back home, wondering where her education went wrong. She avoided touching her smarting bottom and gulped down, as she could hear the boy and the girl cautiously approaching. Of course they would laugh. She would be the talk of school tomorrow. She sniffled, put on her bravest face and turned to face them, being greeted by two amazed faces:

“You're awesome! Not a single cry! What a difference from *this one here*, hehe. You'll see it soon enough: She gets in trouble with her mom all the time!”

'This one here' wasn't amused. She elbowed the boy and said:

“You're the one to talk, dork. All the street can hear when it’s *you* getting it!”

He shrugged with a nonchalant “it can’t be helped, it hurts a lot!” before the pair turned to their new friend again and patted her on the back:

“City kids are something else, really!”

She smiled. Sheepishly at first, but then boldly. She could *spin* what happened:

“Heh, a feeble spanking like that is nothing to one such as myself!”